

DELL

Large
10¢

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**



He faced
the
challenge,
"GO FOR
YOUR GUN!"

WRANGLER



In a big cow camp, saddle horses had to be available at all times. Keeping the horses together and ready for use, was the duty of the horse wrangler! This was the most mental job in camp, usually given to a greenhorn or a boy.



Without a sense of humor, a horse wrangler was lost! Because of his youth or greenness, he was the target of all camp jokes and the cowboys' good-natured teasing!



Yet, in spite of the fact that the horse wrangler was low man in the cow camp, he knew he was receiving excellent training for the years he would spend as a cowboy.



A good wrangler understood the horses he herded, and saved himself much time and grief by being able to immediately spot the bunch-gritters and troublemakers!



It was a lonely job, with little praise and no glory, except to hear the finest, highest, compliment that could be paid a wrangler... "He never lost a horse!" *Continued on p. 24 Western Living and Living On*

ROY ROGERS

GO FOR YOUR GUN

and TRIGGER

MAKE TRACKS, TRIGGER!
WE DON'T WANT TO GIVE
THAT GANG A CHANCE TO
CACHE THEIR LOOT!

WHEN THE
LAWSON GANG
ROBBED A TEXAS
BANK, ROY
ROGERS TOOK
UP THEIR
TRAIL...

WHILE ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE HILLS...

OKAY BOYS! GIVE THE
HORSES A REST AND LET'S
SEE WHAT WE GOT OUT OF
THAT BANK STICK-UP!

THERE OUGHT
TO BE A LOT
OF CASH IN
THAT BOX
SITTING AS HOW
THEY KEPT IT
IN A VAULT!

PROMISSORY NOTES! ALL YOU
GRASSHOP WAS A BUNCH OF
WORTHLESS I.O.U.'S!

HOW'D I KNOW
THEY KEPT
I.O.U.'S IN A
BANK VAULT!

NEXT TIME I GET ME A
PARTNER, IT'LL BE
SOMEBODY WHO
CAN READ!

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





LATER, AS ROY SLOWLY RECOVERS...





THE LAWSON GANG JUST
RUSTLED THREE OF SAM'S
HORSES RIGHT OUT
OF HIS CORRAL!

AND ONE OF MY
COMMANDS SAW THEM
HEADING TOWARD
DRY WELLS!



WELL, YOU AND SAM
FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL.
I'LL TAKE THE SHORT
CUT TO DRY WELLS!



MEANWHILE, NEAR DRY
WELLS, THE OUTLAWS MEET
A FOURTH MEMBER OF THE
GANG...

DRAW REARDON!
WE WERE BEGINNING
TO THINK YOU WEREN'T
GOIN' TO SHOW UP!

NOW, JAKE,
YOU KNOW I
ALWAYS SHOW
UP FOR MY
SHARE OF
THE LOOT!



THERE'S NOTHING
TO SHARE! SO WE
BOTCHED THE JOB!

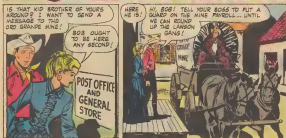
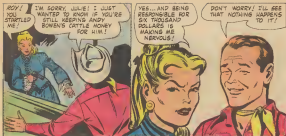
WHY??!

KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON, DRAW!
JAKE'S GOT ANOTHER
JOB LINED UP
FOR US... AT
DRY WELLS!



YOU RIDE INTO TOWN
AHEAD OF US, AS USUAL...
PROVING THE LAW STILL
DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE
WORKING WITH US!







A FEW MINUTES LATER, DEPUTY JIM HOLAN AND SAM MENLEY RIDE INTO TOWN...



MEANWHILE, AT THE LIVERY STABLES...



LATER... THE LAWSON GANG SLIPS INTO
DRY HELL, JUST AS TWO SHOTS RING
OUT FROM THE CAFE...

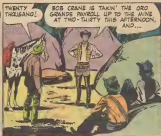




WHALE UP THE STREET AT THE POST OFFICE...







THAT AFTERNOON, AT TWO O'CLOCK...













YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, ROY--
AND THE MINE
PAYROLL!



NEVER MIND THAT! GET BACK TO
TOWN AND TELL REARDON I'M
STOPPING AT MY RANCH, AND I'LL
BE A LITTLE LATE!

I'LL TAKE THE KID
WITH ME, BUT WHAT
ARE YOU AIMIN'
TO DO, ROY?

CURE ROB OF
A BAD CASE OF
HERD WORSHIP!



MEANWHILE, DEAN IS WAITING FOR ROY...

TOLD YOU ROBERS WOULDN'T SHOW!
ALWAYS SAID HE WAS YELLOW!



LOOK! THEY'VE CAUGHT
THOSE OUTLAWS!



IF THEY SQUEAL
ON ME, I'LL BE
LYNCHED! I'VE GOT
TO CLEAR OUT
OF HERE!



BOB! THANK
GOODNESS YOU'RE
SAFE! BUT--
WHERE'S ROY?

HE'LL BE ALONG!
HE SAID TO TELL
DEAN HE'D BE
A LITTLE LATE!







MUD IN HIS EYE

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Young Jim Hadward wobbled slightly as he stood, hat in hand, before the large mahogany desk Jim wanted the job so badly that he could hardly speak. The two men in the room stared at him silently.

Leaning forward in his chair, Sam Carlson, President of Ferntown Bank, frowned as he asked, "Tod Hadward is your father, isn't he?"

The other man interrupted impatiently. "That's right, Sam. And Tod Hadward was the man who, single-handed, robbed us of \$10,000! This boy is his son, and I always say—like father, like son!"

"Tod's cattle all died and he owed everybody in town," Sam said. "Tod was desperate I don't think he knew what he was doing. But we got all the money back, and Tod served out his jail sentence. He's a good citizen now!"

"Please, Mr. Carlson," Jim said softly. "I need the job awfully bad. My mother is sick and my dad doesn't make a whole lot yet."

Nodding with his head, Sam Carlson said, "Hank, here, is Chief Cashier, and he worries a lot about other folks' money." Carlson stared thoughtfully at the boy, and then asked, "How old are you, son?"

"Thirteen, sir," Jim replied.

Hank Jackson glared at the boy, and snapped, "Sam, I think you're making a big mistake!"

"Now, Hank," Carlson said, "we can't hold a grudge against this boy because of Tod!"

The Chief Cashier turned angrily and stomped out of the office.

Shaking his head wearily, Carlson smiled at Jim. "Hank is a little headstrong, but he'll change his mind." The banker paused. "You still want that job?"

Jim grinned. "Yes, sir!"

Standing up, the banker held out his hand. "You're hired, Jim!"

Jim gripped the banker's hand and said, "Thank you, Mr. Carlson!"

The next morning, Jim started his new job. His first chore was to carry sacks of silver dollars from the safe to the tellers, under the watchful eye of the Chief Cashier.

It was a busy morning and a lot of tellers hurried in and out. At noon, Hank Jackson grumbled about how dirty the floor was and told Jim to sweep it up as soon as there weren't any customers around.

It was nearly closing time before Jim was able to clean the bank floor. As he was sweeping the pile of dirt he had collected into his dustpan, the sound of heavy boots came from behind him. Jim looked up and gasped.

A large man was entering. A neckerchief concealed his face, and a six-shooter was in his hand.

The big man commanded in a rasping voice, "Don't anyone move!"

Unconsciously, Jim stood with the dustpan in his hand. The gunman glanced at him suddenly in recognition and said, "You're Tod's boy! Am I glad to see you!"

Out of the corner of his eye, Jim saw Hank Jackson standing close by, tense and motionless.

The big man strode up to the teller's window and stood within arm's length of Jim.

"Put that dustpan down," he ordered, "and help me empty this bank!"

Jim hesitated. For the first time, he realized that he was still holding the dustpan with its little pile of dirt.

"Put that thing down!" the gunman snapped.

"The boy stammered, 'D-d-down?'"

"Yes, down!" the big man shouted.

Jim started to move. But he didn't put the dustpan down, instead, he threw the dirt into the gunman's face. The big man howled.

Swiftly, Jim cracked the edge of the dustpan hard against the man's wrist. The six-shooter clattered to the floor.

"Don't move!" Jim said, picking up the gun. "My father was the best shot around here, and you know what they say—like father, like son!"

Jim glanced quickly at the Chief Cashier and winked. "Isn't that right, Mr. Jackson?"

Hank grinned sheepishly and said, "That's right, Jim! But I've learned one thing—sometimes a youngster can shoot a lot straighter!"

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



"MANUEL, THE GREAT
RATED HIMSELF PRETTY
HIGH AS A MAGICIAN—
UP REALLY THOUGHT HE
COULD FOOL JUST ABOUT
ANYBODY..."

"ONE DAY MANUEL WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE THE LITTLE TOWN
OF WIGGLES, BUFF FOR CATERING, WHEN HE MET UP WITH A YOUNG
FELLOW NAMED BILL TAY..."

"IF YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T MIND MY
TAGGING ALONG, MR. MANUEL—I'D BE
OBLIVIOUS IF YOU'D LET ME RIDE WITH
YOU TO CHEYENNE!"

"HAPPY TO, MY BOY! JUST ONE
THING—WE'LL BE CUTTING ACROSS
INDIAN COUNTRY! IT'S THE TIME FOR
THEIR RAIN CEREMONIES
AND THEY DON'T ALLOW
WHITE MEN AROUND! SO
IF WE MEET ANY INDIANS
—LET 'EM DO THE
TALKING!"



"I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE
INDIANS!... A LITTLE BIT
OF EXTREMELY ELEMENTARY
MAGIC AND I CAN HAVE THEM
EERING OUT OF MY HAND!"

"GODD,
MR. MANUEL!
... I'LL LEAVE
IT ALL UP
TO YOU!"



"SURE ENOUGH, THEY HADN'T TRAVELED MORE
THAN A COUPLE OF DAYS, WHEN..."



"UNLASH ME!"

"BEFORE LONG, THE TWO MEN
WERE BROUGHT BEFORE THE CHIEF..."



"REMEMBER! LEAVE EVERYTHING
TO ME OR YOU'LL RUN OUR
CHANCES OF GETTING OUT
OF THIS AREA!"





YOU NOT NEED
CARDS ANY MORE!

WAFF! I'VE GOT
ANOTHER TRICK!



*THEY ALL OF A SUDDEN, SILENT
BROKE HIS SILENCE...*

STOP!...I WARN YOU, CHIEF!
IF YOU WARN HIM, I WILL
SUMMON A HUGE MONSTER
SPIRIT TO DESTROY YOU ALL!

NO! NO!
ANOTHER
MONSTER! WHEN I
WAS IN THE SPIRIT?



IT WILL COME THROUGH APACHE CANYON...
SPITTING FIRE! IF YOU LET US GO, IT WILL
NOT HURT YOU! OTHERWISE...I
CAN'T MAKE ANY PROMISES!

NO, NO, NO!
MORE WHITE
MAN TRICKS!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE
MY WORD FOR IT! SEND
ONE OF YOUR BRAVES! THE
SPIRIT MONSTER WILL
CREEP ALONG THE RIVER-
BANK TOMORROW WHEN
THE SUN IS AT MID-DEY!

YOU LIE! BUT
I WILL SEND
BRAVES! IF
THEY RETURN
AND HAVE SEEN
NOTHING, THERE
WILL BE **NO
MORE
FARMS!**



GO TO APACHE CANYON!
WATCH RIVERBANK!
LOOK FOR SPIRIT
MONSTER!



HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?
WHATEVER PROMISED YOU TO
TELL A TALL-TALE LIKE THAT?
WHEN THOSE BRAVES GET BACK,
WE'RE DONE FOR!

"A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, THE TWO BRAVES CAME POUNDING BACK TOWARD CAMP..."



"WHEN THE BRAVES GOT INTO CAMP, THEY LOOKED SCARED TO DEATH AND THEIR HORSES WERE ALL LATHERED UP FROM RIPPED BORN!"



"LIKE I SAID, MANUEL, THE GREAT WAS A PROUD ONE, AND IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE HE BROKE DOWN AND ASKED THE QUESTION THAT WAS NEARLY KILLIN' HIM..."



Roy Rogers' Horse

TRIGGER

LESSON
FOR A LION

GRANDFATHER!
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? WAIT
FOR ME!

ONE OF THE MEN
SIGHTED A MOUNTAIN
LION! WE ARE
GOING OUT TO
HUNT FOR HIM!

CAN'T I GO,
TOO? TRIGGER
AND I
COULD...

NO, CHICO! NO, MY
SON! THIS IS TOO
DANGEROUS!

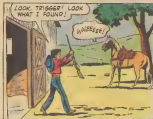
HUNTING MOUNTAIN LIONS IS SERIOUS
BUSINESS -- IT IS
NOT FOR CHILDREN!
BUT I AM
A MAN -- AT LEAST
ALMOST!

NO, MY SON! YOU STAY HERE,
WHERE IT IS SAFE, AND WAIT!
TODAY I WILL BRING A SURPRISE
FOR YOU -- A MOUNTAIN
LION Pelt FOR YOUR BED!

Awww!

WHAT FUN IS A MOUNTAIN
LION Pelt UNLESS
YOU SHOOT IT
YOURSELF! WE
ALWAYS RIDE ALL
OF THE EXCITEMENT!

AN HOUR LATER, CHICO EMERGES FROM THE BARN WITH AN OLD RUSTY RIFLE...





THE MOUNTAIN LION SCODS SILENTLY
UP THE TRUNK OF THE TREE...



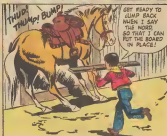
BUT SUDDENLY TRIGGER CATCHES SCENT
OF THE LION...





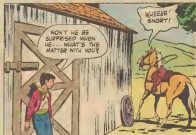
...BUT THE LION LANDS NIMBLY ON HIS FEET, HAWLING ON TRIGGER, READY FOR ANOTHER CHARGE...







3 CHUCK SHOUTS, TRIGGER HOPES AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND THE BAR FALLS INTO PLACE IN THE BRACKETS...



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

Whether he was good or bad, the Westerner was always full of clever, colorful sayings. The "short-trigger man," more commonly known as the gunman, spoke the most colorful lingo of them all.

As a precaution against shooting himself in the leg, the gunman always kept the firing pin of his six-shooter resting on an empty chamber. Thus it was said that "he only had five beans in the wheel," meaning there were only five bullets in the cylinder.

When the gunman spoke of his trade, he referred to it as "making the town smoky," "having a powder-burning contest," or "doing a little leather slapping."

His most common site of action was "the gunman's sidewalk," which was the middle of the street, where he was able to see on both sides and in front of him.

Although there were dozens of well-known variations of the fast draw, some men still preferred to invent their own draws, such as the "gun-tipper." His favorite draw was not really a draw at all, but a fast flick of the gun upward, firing through the end of the holster. This took a special kind of holster and, as many found out, was not the most accurate way to fire a gun!

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Gun Talk



Can you name these

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surprise to
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